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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Cards of thanks 50c. Resolutions end obitnaries \$1.50 and more accord ng to space.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!'

Is it not strange that the very sound of these Divinely inspired) words-brought down to us from the first glorious Christmas, is sufficient to pervade our whole being with a warm, glow ing sense of true Christmas spirit-a spirit that can never change—the spirit that is written on countless happy faces as they hurry to and fro permeating the very atmosphere with a wealth of Christmas cheer.

Everyone, young or old feels the joy of giving joy at Christmas, if not at any other time. Even old Scrooge, who had never known the joys of Christmas and who stubbornly refused to contribute to the happiness of others, succumbed at last to the undying holiday spirit.

Merry Christmas! May the full measure of happiness of this sacred day be yours!

Happy New Year! May all the blessings of a healthful, prosperous, happy year be showered upon you!

Scarlet fever is slowly going the rounds in Island Pond. W. hope that it can be checked soon. Are the proper preventions being carried out to fore stall this disease? We do not think so. Our District Health Officer's home is 33 miles away. Does he know the conditions is Island Pond at the present data? We hope he does, and if so will take proper action a once. is it the Board Health's duty to attend to this

Our Christmas

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And the Christmas time is here, And you go home from your labor To enjoy the Christmas cheer— When the Christmas tree is lighted And the children gather 'round, There is one thing must be present If the greatest joy is found.

There must be inner conscience Telling you with truthful voice That you've done something for someone That will help that one rejoice— Some poor stranger, widow, orphan, Someone that you did not owe. Ah, the gift need not be costly To relieve another's woe.

And the greatest gift at Christmas That a person e'er received Was to know that through his efforts Someone's suffering was relieved; For the Master, on whose birthday All the Christmas gifts are given, Will see that act and send to him Christmas gift from heaven.

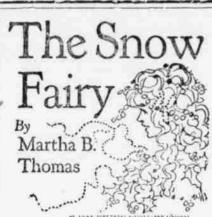
-Thomas G. Andrews in Kansas City
Star.

"Now, don't forget," said the lawyer who was coaching his fair client. "When I scratch my right ear that's a signal for you to faint."

"And if you rub your chin with your left hand that means I must burst into

"Yes, and-ahem-if you see me plucking at my right trouser leg it will indicate that the gentlemen of the jury have been sufficiently edified by the hoslery display, and you might change your attitude so they can concentrate their minds on the evidence."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

Really Only One Occasion. It has often been a matter of speculation as to when, if any time, a man would feel perfectly at ease carrying a doll. This perplexing question, one that has no doubt disturbed the mental equilibrium of many psychologists, was solved the other night by two gentlemen who had given the matter much thought. The solution of the problem was that the only time that a male biped appeared unabashed while transporting a doll in his arms was when he was returning. In triumph, from one of the booths at a nearby amusement park -Washington Star.



DON'T suppose two noses were ever pressed more forlornly against a windowglass than those belonging to Jerry and Sally. If you were to look at them from the outside, in their front yard, for instance, they

would not seem like noses at all; you would say that Jerry and Sally had small, white pears on their faces, and pretty squashed pears at that! This is what a window-glass does to two children who have the whooping cough and are standing as closely as possible against the nearest thing to getting out-a window.

Jerry dug his fists down into his pockets and looked as cross as a bear. Sally blinked very fast to keep the tears from rolling down her cheeks, and her two pigtalls quivered unhap-

"We'll miss the party and the sames and the goodles . and everything!" she wailed.

"I don't care about the old party!" declared Jerry scornfully. "What I want is to get out and make a snowman. Look at all this perfectly good snow going to waste! I call it a shame!" And you would have thought by his tone that all blizzards were invented for the express purpose of giving little boys the opportunity of play-

"Mary Randall's going to wear her new pink dress and her slippers!" sniffed Sally, "and I have a red dress and new slippers to-o-o!" This last thought was almost too much, and one large tear did manage to tumble over and down her cheek. Jerry pretended not to see it. Perhaps he was having trouble with his own eyes, though of course boys never cry, not even when tomorrow's Christmas and everything is spoiled because of whooping cough.

"Mother said we should have to have a party by ourselves and make believe that lots of people came to it,"

Jerry grunted. He didn't care much for this make-believe stuff-too sissified. "Let's sit down in front of the open fire," suggested Sally, "and tell stories. I'm tired of looking out of the window. Perhaps something nice will happen; who can tell?"

So the two children settled themselves in front of the fire. They drew up two low stools and they each sat with their elbows on their knees and their chins in their hands. It was very warm and cosy. The logs crackled and sputtered as though they were doing their best to cheer other people up, and the dancing flames had a regular parade up and down the wood. It was



"I Call It a Shame!"

late afternoon and growing a little

Suddenly Sally's pigtails stuck out straight behind her in surprise. "What's that?" she whispered, and her eyes were big as saucers.

"Where?" asked Jerry, a little star-"I saw something white flit in at the

door !" "So did L" The children looked cautiously around. Nothing was to be seen. Just an ordinary room, a bright fire

and two children in front of it. "Funny-" mused Sally. There was the faintest rustle by the

clock on the mantel. It sounded like snowflakes talking together. "There! I heard something again!" said Sally.

Both children stared at the clock for that was where the sound came

It was quite dark by this time, except for the light from the logs, so it was natural that Jerry and Sally did

not at first see the fittle person perched on the edge of the mantel. "How do you do?" asked a tiny voice. It tinkled like a fairy sleigh-

bell. "Mercy!" exclaimed Sally. Jerry just winked his eyes very fast. "Here I am up by the clock," tinkled the voice again.

And sure enough, there she was indeed! The children saw her now. A wee, slender bit of a thing about the size of a sweet pea. And she was the whitest creature you could imagine. Snowflake ruffles with crystal trimming, icicle jewels in her hair, and

eyes bright and frosty as stars, Jerry and Sally gasped. Sally wanted to jump up and hug her. But you can't do that with a Snow Fairy; she'd melt all to pieces in your fingers.

and men where would you be?

"I have come to pay you a little call," laughed the fairy, "because I like to talk with children who are ill and can't go out. I just came from a house down the street where a baby is cutting a tooth. Such a cunning baby! I played hide and seek under its chin, and you should have heard him



Away They Went.

gurgle! He forgot all about that tooth that was making so much fuss about coming through. I left him kicking up his heels and crowing like a young

Sally and Jerry laughed. "Shall I dence for you?" asked the Snow Fairy politaly.

"Oh, yes!" beseeahed the children. Up jumped the white little person, and in the twinkling of an eye she had begun. The children never saw such dancing in their lives. Never!

The Snow Fairy pircuetted on tep of the clock; she whirled like a crystal prism. She jumped down and made a low bow to a china shepherdess, and then the shepherdess threw away her crook and danced with the fairy. Away they went, whirling and bobbing and turning and dipping. They jumped over vases; they peeked out behind pictures, they fairly flew through the air until you could not tell which was the Snow Fairy and which the china shepherdess.

Jerry and Sally clapped their hands and laughed until they could laugh no longer. They forgot all about parties and new slippers and making snow-

Then the strangest thing happened. They could not see the Snow Fairy at all. She wasn't there, and if you'll believe me, the china shepherdess was standing stiffly in her old spot as though she'd never had a thought of moving in her life.

"Dear me!" said Sally rubbing her

"Dear me!" said Jerry, rabbing his. Mother came in soon after that. She stood smiling down upon them.

"Both you children were sound asleep on your stools when I was in here before. Do come and have something good to eat. I have a little party all ready for you.'

And Sally and Jerry never said a word about the Snow Fairy. But they were as cheerful as cherubs the rest of the day.

If our army aviators keep on improving their speed records, soon they may be in a position to sneak up from behind and catch an enemy's bullet or shell before it has a chance to hit

LIFE OF A PROSPECT

Some years ago I went into a store te inquire the price of something, an expensive thing this was, that I wanted to buy some day when I had the price. They were just as nice to me as they would have been if I had come in ready to buy and plank down the cash. Then for the time being I forgot all about it, but they didn't. About a fear after my visit to the store the salesman 1 had seen there came to see me, says the New York Herald. He was a very agrecable gentleman and in no way insistent; he had just looked in on the chance that now I was ready to buy; but my bank account hadn't looked up to any great extent and I was not ready, as I told him; but I added that when I was ready I would come in, and I would some to him. That, I thought, ended it as far as hearing from them was concerned; but not so. A year later I had another call from the saleeman, my friend, if he will now permit me so to call him, on the same errand; a pleasant call and a pleasant little talk. but with the same result as before; and now, a year to a day after that second call, he has been in to see me again. We had our usual pleasant little talk, and then I asked him: "Don't you ever give up a prospect?" To which he answered, smilingly: "We never give up a prospect till he

Nothing would please me more than to see a renaissance of American wit and humor, writes James L. Ford in the New York Tribune, but I do not know how this is to be brought shout. Committees of the sort assembled for every imaginable purpose, and which sommand a degree of popular respect that seems amazing to the sephisticated, are powerless in the matter. Not even in those great universities that offer elective courses in nearly everything from playwriting to plumbing is there a chair of wit and humor; and, while every variety of humbug and rascallty rears its head without fear of consequences, the sword of ridicule, the only weapon of real strength in the fight against evil, is sermitted to rust in its scabberd

EAST CHARLESTON Mrs. I. R. WOLCOTT, Cor.

Homer Locke was on the sick store for several days the past Forrest Howe. week.

Edna Lapointe of Island Pond is home for the holidays. Buck school has returned from was in Berlin, N H.

a visit in Groton. Mrs A C Gallup is recovering from an attack of grippe.

C E Coruth is visiting relatives and friends in Lyndon and is the attending physician. St Johnsbury.
The M W A meeting has

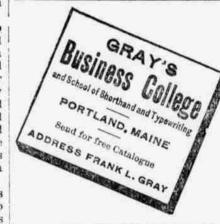
been postponed from December 23rd.

NOTICE TO CORRESPON not be published next Thursday ness of her daughter. December 28th.

Parker Collins' little child remains very ill.

The annual Church meeting! were served followed by a so-

Mr and Mrs Carroll Piper enwere served and everyone vot- December 28th. ed the evening most enjoyable.



BLOOMFIELD Mrs. B E Stover, Cor.

list and unable to be in the last week Thursday with Mrs.

Mr Charles Hylan from the Sunday from Island Pond. "mill" preached at the Methodist Church Sunday morning. to attend the Christmas exer-Miss M Lang, teacher of the The pastor, Rev J A Cooper, cises at the village school Dec.

Frances, the one year old Senator Nelson is taking daughter of Mr and Mrs Perley great pleasure with his radio. Hurd is very ill with bronchial pneumonia. Dr Frank Gilber

There will be a Christmas tree at the Methodist Church Monday evening.

Mrs Louis Bishop is ill. Mrs Ella Moulton is assisting DENTS. The "Herald" will Mrs Perley Hurd during the ill-

Mr and Mrs Will Hall are in Colebrook with Mr Hall's mother who is critically ill.

Word was received this week was held December 11th. Offi- of the death of Hazen Simms in cers were elected and after the the Colebrook Hospital. Mr. business meeting refreshments Simms was formerly the Grand Union Tea Company agent for this section.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONtertained a party of friends last DENTS. The "Herald" will Friday evening. Refreshment not be published next Thursday

Mrs John Connolly is ill. Mrs Rose King and two children of Northumberland are visiting Mrs King's parents, Mr and Mrs L Girard.

Mary Goulette is working for Mrs Lloyd Hendricks.

Lynwood Schoff who is a student at Boston University is at the home of his parents. Mr and Mrs Floyd Schoff for the Christmas holidays.

Wilma Hall is working for Mrs Harry Graham. Mrs Graham recently underwent an ope ration in the Hanover Hospital.

Manchester, N H after spending their honeymoon here.

Mrs Ernest Brunelle is at her The Ladies' Aid Society met parents' home in Averill for the

George Major was home on

Every one is cordially invited

"Say it with Flowers."

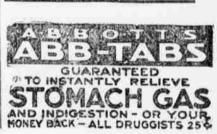
Decorations for CHRISTMAS

HOLLY and PRINCESS PINE WREATHS

CYCLAMEN, BEGENIAS. POINSETTIAS, CHERRIES CUT FLOWERS, BASKETS, **JARDINERES**

CHRISTMAS BASKETS







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EXAMPLES:

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